

The New Zealand Maori own about 10,000,000 acres of land.

The spring and autumn manurements of European armies cost annually \$25,000,000.

In twelve months American railroad companies have paid \$200,010,394 as interest on bonds and \$50,337,681 as dividends on stocks.

The Egyptian Government pays interest on \$50,000,000 Nile Canal debt and \$50,000,000 Suez Canal bonds, squandering the money out of the treasury.

The most unhealthy city in Europe, according to statistics recently issued, is Barcelona, Spain, one of the loveliest places in that part of the continent. One who lives in Barcelona increases considerably his chances of death.

A young man of Lewiston, Me., who trades himself on his attractiveness for the greater sex, got on a train the other day and saw a good-looking young lady, who seemed to have nothing with her. He approached her, wrote the New Orleans Pinesy, and hid the matter out. She was responsive, and he was having a very nice time when a man came in and thanked him for having made the task of taking a luncheon to the wayman easier than he dared hope.

An estimate of the charitable bequests in England during 1890 puts the total sum at about \$7,000,000. This is held to be about one-tenth of the estates upon which probate duty has been levied. Among the larger amounts given are the following: Earl of Derby, \$100,000; Richard Vaughan, of Bath, a retired brewer, \$225,000; the Rev. James Spurrill, \$1,200,000; John Birnbaum, a New merchant, \$450,000; Henry Spiet, the well-known paper dealer, \$750,000; Sir William Mackintosh, \$500,000. The largest legacy of all is by Baroness Forrester, \$1,500,000.

N. K. Nesteroff, an attaché of the Russian Department of Agriculture, is in Michigan inspecting methods employed there in cutting and marketing lumber. His object is principally to get information respecting improvements in sawmill machinery. Mr. Nesteroff pronounced the Saginaw Valley mills the finest he has ever seen. He was especially interested in the maple sugar industry in the spring, and spent a month in a New York State sugar camp. This business was entirely new to him, and he will try to introduce it into his native country, which he, says, is an abundance of sugar maples.

The Chinese trade unions can trace their history back for more than 4000 years. The Chinamen does not differ with his employer what he is to receive for the work he does; he simply takes what he considers a fair and proper remuneration. He leaves him on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trade union, and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper. He is, therefore, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, generally called a thief; but he is acting under the guarantee, in obedience to laws that are far better observed and more strict than any the police have been able to impose.

It takes 1200 mail cars to distribute Uncle Sam's mail, and the New York division alone requires 819 railway post clerks to handle it. Last year those clerks handled 1,307,220,171 pieces of mail bound post their division, of which 733,936,835 were letters. To get a clear idea of the immense amount of mail matter in this section of letters, suppose they average five inches in length and are laid end to end. They will stretch over a line 2075 miles long. All railway post clerks must be quick and intelligent and have a thorough knowledge of the whole country. In the second division there are 17,050 postboxes, and the clerks have every one. This system of railway postboxes has proved a valuable asset to the writer from whom interesting articles in Harper's Young People have been drawn, that it is now being operated on the transatlantic ocean.

TELLING STORIES.

I know of a boy that's always
I can tell the most telling story
And the eyes that cannot stay open
While the good-night prayer is said.
And the whispering "Till a boy,
Said it such a funny story
When he heard the tale of the boy,
That ring in his ears of day.
No you want a story, don't you?
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack,
And the sheep he falls in, see,
As they walk the meadow above
While the cows are in the corn?
O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up,
For the farmer stole his horse!

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Boy Blue I tell,
And the sheep he lost and mounted on,
As it would have been a story,
But there was no need of sorrow
For the girl that was so young,
When she lost her sheep and saw,<
How, like him, to come back home
In his own good time and way.

Oh, the play that was to market—
That's the tale for us to tell!
The great big pig, and the little pig,
And the pig, was pig as well.
How's the pig, and the pig as well?
But not half as much as a beauty!
As this little bit of a baby pig,
That can only say "Wee-wee!"
Just look at the baby, how kind!
The little pig's not so kind,
I might have dropped before you
When I get to Little Boy Blue.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so sweet, so kind!
How's a pig, and the pig as well?
God have you in the corn!

—Edna K. Barker.

OCTAVIA'S CHOICE.

IT BEING WRITTEN BY CLARA.
I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's right, Octavia! I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's wrong, Octavia! I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's right, Octavia! I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's wrong, Octavia! I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's right, Octavia! I ain't right, according to my ideas of what's wrong, Octavia!

"I ain't asked your consent yet," she retorted, impatiently. "When I do, it will be time enough to refuse!" "Then you ain't going to marry him after all, Octavia?" cheerfully commented Aunt Adeline, looking up from the sponge pudding she was making for dinner. "I'm so glad! Mr. Fothergill may be respectable, for all we know, but he ain't no more!" "But we know all about Jerome Moodyway, as his folks above him. Not a shillings one among 'em."

"An' like as not the 'other one is a wretched sort of fellow," replied Octavia, with a shrug. "I ain't going to marry the fellow, who was spending the day in 'n't been to take no tea, Octavia."

"You say he ain't ought to encourage Mr. Fothergill so much, Octavia," whispered Mrs. Moodyway, with a mischievous glance at her tall granddaughter. "It ain't right to accept the attentions of any man without your consent."

"Now, look here, grandma, and Aunt Adeline—and you, too, Miss Phyllis!"

The black-eyed beauty wheeled around and looked at the three women sitting around her, startled looking.

"You may all keep your good advice till it's called for! I don't want it! I'm going to marry Ferdinand Fothergill and live in the city. I shan't be spending the day in a common farmer like Jerome Moodyway, and you needn't think it!"

And the offended Nantippe frowned out of the room, leaving her soldiers breakfast with abandonment.

One hour later, sixteen-year-old Margie, coming in from the barn, left with a full spirit-bag of fresh-baked eggs, met Jerome Moodyway leaving the house.

"Oh, Jerome, do stay to dinner!" greeted Margie, cordially. "We're going to have tea and waffles and eggs."

But Jerome glomously shook his head.

"I'm going away, Margie," he said gently. "This is the last time I shall see you for a long while—perhaps forever."

In Greenland," she added, hesitatingly. Jerome laughed in spite of his gloomy mood, and said that he would try to find his way to his chilled heart.

"I don't think I'll freeze, Margie, and I'll certainly write to you," he promised.

And receiving the note of a hand, he stood away, while Margie hurried into the house.

"I won't" watch him out of sight, because it would bring bad luck, and maybe he would never come back," she murmured, gravely, to herself, as she stood the eggs away in a stone jar on the pantry shelf. "Till I saw I would have to go to Greenland!" she reflected, with a shudder at the prospect her fancy conjured up.

How Jerome Moodyway had come to fall so desperately in love with Octavia Moodyway was a mystery, seeing that there were plenty of girls—quite so pretty, and with more suitable dispositions—around the village of Hillsdale.

However, love is proverbially blind to all defects, and though Octavia was as beautiful as one of the marble Bacchantes at Forest Park, she was very attractive-looking, with her red lips and Spanish black eyes.

And so Jerome Moodyway was considered quite an eligible match among the bachelors of Hillsdale, the course of his love seemed to drift placidly along, and till late in the month of June, when a time—until Ferdinand Fothergill appeared upon the scene. Then everything was changed.

Mr. Fothergill was an insurance agent, and made plenty of money; at least he spent it plentifully, which amounts to the same thing as far as appearances are concerned.

He was a dashing young man, with sharp gray eyes, and whiskers cut a la Van Dyke.

He wore a seal-ring, a dangling gold watch chain, and the finest of broad-brimmed hats. And so Octavia Moodyway was one of those persons who are caught by superficial attractions and outside glitter, she straightway gave Jerome Moodyway the cold shoulder.

The forty-acre farm, well stocked and thrice-plowed, covered in spring with glimmering blue vines and Virginia creepers, whereof Jerome had hoped to make her the mistress of compared to the prospects offered by the dashing city dude, soon dwindled into insignificance.

And in spite of all opposition, Octavia determinedly took her fate into her own hands and made no secret of the fact that she was "off with the old love, and on with the new."

Seeing that she was determined to follow her own course, Grandma Moodyway and Aunt Adeline decided to give her a respectable wedding, at least.

"It's the best we can do for her," sighed the grandmother. "A willful girl must have her own way, but if she lives in repeat, it won't be laid to our charge."

And so the wedding drew near, and there was whispering of eggs and baking of cakes, and so nothing of dress-making and clear stitching, within the old Moodyway household.

The prospective bridegroom had gone on a collecting tour which would detain him till the eve of the wedding day, and the morning before the auspicious event arrived.

Octavia was trying the effect of a pale pink cosmetic and her creamy complexion; Aunt Adeline was buttoning the box pleats in a silver gray dress; and Grandma Moodyway was threading the lace in a French corset, over which the wedding gown was to be tried on.

Margie alone was idle, having refused to lend any assistance whatever toward the coming festivities.

"I shall not help to injure poor Jerome!" she declared, with a curling lip.

"Poor Jerome, indeed!" mimicked Octavia, scornfully.

She was about to add some stinging remark, when a screen from the dressing-room, Miss Martha Phyllis, drew across her the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Moodyway—Octavia—look here! I don't understand it. Maybe I don't mean him, though."

soon forget that there ever was such a person as Ferdinand Fothergill.

"Three years since I went away a bachelor forlorn," laughed Jerome Moodyway, as he strode along toward the Moodyway house, turned his steps, toward the old stile at the foot of the lane.

A tall figure stood in the dusky twilight, faintly outlined against the slowly-fading crimson of the west.

"Welcome home!" called a soft voice.

Jerome sprang eagerly forward.

"Margie!" he cried.

"No, not Margie!" in pettish tones. "It's Octavia. Don't you know me, Jerome?" she asked; then added, in dulcet accents, "I did not know my own heart when I went you away. Forgive me, Jerome, and—let us bury the past!"

A soft hand was laid on his arm, and Octavia's liquid eyes looked apparently into his.

Jerome put the hand coldly aside. "The past is buried, so far as I am concerned," he asserted. "You said all was over between us that day, Octavia, and I accepted your decision."

"But—but it is not too late yet, Jerome. I—"

"It is too late!" was the stern reply.

Pretty, pink-checked, Margie made a charming bride, a few weeks later, and the Gothic-roofed cottage, with its hop-vines and Virginia creepers, in its long and want of a mistress, Saturday Night.

New Building Material.

A new building material called comphoroid is thus described by the Northwestern Lumberman: It is made of the eighth-inch strips of wood from three-quarters to one and quarter inches thick, placed between two sheets of heavy strawboard and united under heavy pressure with a strong cement. The process of manufacture is peculiar. Into the machine that molds the board are run two sheets of the strawboard from above and one from below, a table onto which are fed from a feeding device the strips of wood. A roller running in a tank of the liquid cement rolls upon the inner surface of the sheets of strawboard, and the three layers of material run together between rolls and into a hydraulic press capable of exerting a pressure 120 tons to the square inch. Ten feet of the board is stopped automatically for a few seconds in the press, then run out upon a table divided into two parts, where it is sawed to the desired length. It is then run upon trucks, placed in the dry-kill, and when taken out is trimmed to forty-eight inches in width.

The strength of the board is compared with its weight is marvelous. The ends of an eighteen-foot can be brought together without breaking or warping it. No conditions can warp it.

Wall paper is put upon the board and the finish is as fine as upon any other material. The strong points claimed for the board, it is not more expensive than first-class plastering. It forms an absolutely air-tight wall. It stiffens a building much more than any sort of mortar can. It is quickly put on and produces no dampness, thus causing no swelling and shrinking of floors and ceilings. It is light, thus avoiding the dragging down of the house frame, the consequent cracking of walls and the warping of the door frames. It forms a soldier, cleaner, drier wall of no more expense than is involved in the old way.

Four as a Cause of Disease.

An eminent medical authority makes the statement that a great deal of contagion is due largely to nervous repression and heat. Terror causes reduced changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease, it certainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malarial. It is a well-understood fact that extreme anger leads to aortic aneurism, the convulsions, and the bite of a man in a state of frenzied rage is almost as deadly as that of a mad dog. Fear destroys the relative capability to act, so it were, less down the direction way for the recovery.

In seasons of epidemic, therefore, it is necessary to cultivate tranquillity and cheerfulness, to learn not to fear and to surround oneself with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical calmness and dignity. It, in addition to this, the precautions as to dress, diet and rest are taken, one may walk in the midst of the pestilence and dwell in infested regions, and so deadly thing shall harm one.—New York Ledger.

Some Old Nations Fused.

Some interesting discoveries are reported in the ancient Roman city of Thimgaria, in Algeria, now known as Timgad. In excavating the region some of the most interesting of the ancient ruins have been discovered. Traces of paintings have been discovered on three other stations recently unearthed. It now appears to be that the ancient ruins were not built by the Romans, but by the Carthaginians, but painted their beautiful statues in all the colors of life.—New Orleans Picayune.

MY SWEETHEART.

There's a quiet rhyme scattered in a spelling book,
And needed to go with a faithful love,
By my blue-eyed sweetheart on a lonely time,
In the days old school days years ago—
"If you love me as I love you,
No love can out our love in two."

That "Speller" Speller," as I called him and love.

How always a tale of romantic love,
And never a poet with romantic love—
The written as previous a rhyme since then—
"If you love me as I love you,"

Oh, dear, you know I did it do.
I've kept it safely for many a year—
This day I read it, slowly old spelling-book,
And my heart is full of love.

And now, as I hold it within my hand,
Again in the school-room I seem to stand,
Reading over now with rapture new—
"If you love me as I love you."

How some foolish young love, not the past,
Like a rose that is over the pathway now,
And the time of flowers, we still remember,
Till winds blow down in the storm, remember,
How great it always may be true—
"If you love me as I love you."

—Carola L. Stone, in Buffalo Express.

MUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing time.—The lady who grows stronger every year.—Puck.

It is usually a great big man who punishes you.—Archibald Globe.

The politician's favorite word.—"You yourself is his Place."—Puck.

Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades.—Chicago Herald.

Order of the Bath.—Come right out of that water this minute!—Boston Transcript.

No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.—Archibald Globe.

Some people are of such happy dispositions that they never amount to much.—Archibald Globe.

A great deal of the purity of to-day is the thing of great beauty because it is only skin deep.—Puck.

Never put any confidence in the answers of a man who is afraid to say "I don't know," occasionally.

Don't think that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.—Puck.

Butter is prime while it's fresh; but a man has long left his goodness when he reaches his prime.—Puck.

"Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?"—New York Press.

The lawyer who worked like a horse was engaged in drawing a conveyance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

May.—Next to man, what's the silliest thing you know of? "Shit."—Myself, if he is a son.—Brooklyn Life.

One of the dangers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness is so heavy that it is almost too often a—Puck.

One's own capacity is a poor standard of measurement; the stars shine, though my near-sighted neighbor deny it.—Puck.

When a man does not want to do a thing he says "I cannot," when he cannot do it he says "I don't want to."—Pungent.

The average dwarf is a very serious disadvantage. No matter how large his income he is always sure to be short.—Buffalo Courier.

When a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—Archibald Globe.

As the ewe dashes through the station—"O, mother, don't! That trap snap back!" "Purser, no man; it don't even bite."—Tis-Biss.

Dora.—"Don't you think my gown fits better than they used to?" "Cora."—Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry.—Harlem Life.

Mr. Ochsley—"I don't think that a college education amounts to much." Mr. Spencerville—"Don't you? Well, you ought to find my boy's bills and see."—New York World.

No woman is such a slouch at mathematics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would save in the course of a year if he should become a—Puck.

One of the unexplained mysteries of life is how difficult it is sometimes to get into a comfortable position when you go to bed, and how unusual to find one that isn't comfortable when you have to get up.—Puck.

Jinks (on the rail)—"I was talking with an eminent physician in the country." Mrs. Zander—"What is his name?" "He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask." "Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?" "I asked him what was the best cure for constipation, and he said he didn't know."—Puck.

Calamus (at library)—"Say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" Librarian—"Yes, that's the one." Calamus—"Well, you can take it back. There's nine people in this first four chapters who killed rats, and each of 'em when he got out doing his crime to the justice of the law. I want that sort of literature. I'll go to John Verno and get it gone."—Chicago Record.

WAR BALLOONS.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN MILITARY AERONAUTICS.

The Emperor of Germany Very Much Impressed With Their Value—Firing at an Aerial Target—Captives Balloons.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, has been making experiments in the use of balloons for the purpose of attacking the air as well as the land and sea, and it is now settled that within a short time His Majesty will make his first balloon ascent. If the winds be agreeable and the Emperor will allow himself to be persuaded that there is absolutely no danger in the experiment, the Kaiser will enter upon his aeronautical journey before or at the close of the "Grand Fall Parade," on the Tempelhof Field. This parade in former years was always held on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, but the date has been changed since the development of the German-French friendship.

Great preparations are being made by the heads of the aeronautical section of the German Army for the coming event. A brand new balloon, provided with the most intricate and newest patent appliances, has been constructed and is now being tried in all kinds of weather, that is, in all kinds which the breeze provide.

"I wish we would experience a shower of thunderbolts between now and the day the Emperor proposes to make his ascent," said the chief of the section to a correspondent of the New York Press. "Of course, I know exactly how the balloon ought to act under those circumstances, but I would

guess he'd at least something about a stroke resembling to such. The Kaiser, after each balloon journey, summons all participants be-



TOWING THE BALLOON.

fore him to ask them personally and separately about their observations and sensations.

Of course, if William chooses to do so, he might go up in a balloon from one of his warships, unknown to anybody but his officers and crew, who are bound to secrecy. Still it is hardly probable that His Majesty will pursue such a course. He is too fond of ad-

after it was once hit, and some clouds of smoke broke forth from the interior. At the same time it shrunk together and began to sink slowly. When the balloon was finally brought down the basket was found to be intact, while the balloon proper showed many holes torn by the bullets; the ropes were in fragments.

The conclusion arrived at is that the captive balloons cannot be safely employed in war. War balloons will have to ascend much higher than any type in existence allows. The question is, how high will they have to go in order to escape the bullets of guns? Probably nobody can answer that question, for improvements in gun-making are going on steadily.

Stairs in Samoa.

In Samoa, where he makes his home, Robert Louis Stevenson has done much in the way of instructing the natives in European methods of work. He tells an amusing story in this connection. A new house-boy had been engaged, and on his arrival was lost in awe and admiration of the magnificence of the mansion.

He was given a large bucket of water and told to take it to the bedroom up above. He looked up, and, pointing, asked if it was there? (On being answered in the affirmative, he seized the bucket in his teeth, and before any one could remonstrate he had rushed up one of the posts of the veranda. The whole family ran up the staircase, and when they showed him that that was the usual mode of getting to those rooms, he was covered with delight, and for two or three days could do absolutely nothing but race up and down stairs, chuckling and crowing in an ecstasy of joy. And when detachments of his friends came to visit him they were always taken to see the stairs the first thing!—San Francisco Examiner.

The Nile by Night.

"I suppose no professional globe-trotter is ever satisfied," said James T. Hurd, of New York, "without a sojourn in Alexandria and a voyage of four or five weeks up the Nile. The river itself, I must say, did at first sadly disappoint me. We Americans are apt to be rather exacting in the matter of rivers—naturally enough, considering the beauty and grandeur of our own. When I saw the strong stream in the hot sunshine, looking like floating mud rather than water, I started to believe it the Nile of my dreams. Beauty, majesty and power, not utility, was what I wanted to see in the historic river. But when the sun went down and the moon gilded, not silvered, the stream, then it became, indeed, the river of my imagination. The smoothly banks, which by day were steep walls of black mud, like huge unshaped brick, became picturesque and even beautiful, with waving groves of palm and fields of grain."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Killing Cattle Mercifully.

It is often urged that the present barbarous methods of slaughtering cattle should cease. The plea for decency and humanity in the work have been made over and over and always failed, but now the scientists are aroused. They say that a change in the method of slaughter would benefit the health of the consumer, for the terror to which the animal is subjected necessarily affects the flesh, at times actually poisoning it.

There is no necessity for the scenes now enacted at the slaughter-houses. Various devices have been invented to perform the work quickly and decently. The illustration represents the Swiss method of slaughtering cattle. The invention consists of a mask or a plate of iron, which fits the forehead of the animal, and is readily attached by straps, which are fastened round the horns. In the center of the mask is fixed a steel gun, ten inches long and of about thirty-eight calibre, the breech being outward and provided with a steel needle, which, on being struck with a small hammer explodes the ordinary metallic cartridge with which it is loaded. The barrel is fixed at such an angle to the interior



THE SLAUGHTERING DEVICE.

surface of the mask that the bullet pierces the center of the brain, as shown in the small side illustration, and is buried in the spinal marrow, producing instantaneous and painless death. With ease, quiet and a form of this instrument is used which is not used to the head, but simply applied to the forehead and fixed. In either case the result is the same. The animal walks without fear or apprehension to the chamber, a touch is given to the fatal needle, and the large creature drops, utterly dead and incapable of suffering.—New York World.

THE GLACIAL MILESTONES.

ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THESE ERRATIC BOWLDERS.

The Soil Has Been Slowly Forming Over Them Since the Great Ice Age—Stony Allens.

THE following is an extract from "Some Records of the Ice Age About New York," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine: Many of the glacial trunks about New York are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for building, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found imbedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shoveled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel, and so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bare rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they, too, are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others said—in theory the earth's great therapsoids for many feet, and—in theory still—let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rock shell which somehow came to grief and left its shattered fragments down here. Others, still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record, given on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders—these erratic, trails and alluvial—are, as well-known to-day, braves and warblers testifying to their fierce encounters with the old bed rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered by the soil, later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees, until at last another alien, Italian or Celt maybe, broke in upon their seclusion with pick and shovel and rolled them ignominiously away. Then, at the scoured rock surfaces, the steam-drill pecks viciously, pries convulsively to see again the face of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

Difference Between Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about eighty-seven per cent. of a knot, the latter being approximately 6082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5280 feet.—Century Magazine.

A "Surprise" Wedding.

The night in society is the "surprise" wedding. Invitations are sent out for a dinner party, and when the dinner is over the guests are informed that a "few" wait downstairs. The bridegroom takes his guests into his confidence, the bride blushingly takes her place and the marriage is solemnized without further ceremony.—New York Dispatch.

WISE WORDS.

It is always safe to be right.

Forbearing is always an enemy of rest.

What a little god some big people worship.

Doubts are like bats; they can only live in the dark.

Men are often gamblers when they lose their money.

It costs less to be contented than it does to be unhappy.

Too many people would rather have glory than goodness.

The man who seeks happiness must learn to take short steps.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched.

Fortune never changes men. It only brings out what is already in them.

"Is the young man safe?" Not while his father is taking crooked steps.

The man who is the least willing to practice is sure to find the most fault with the preaching.

People who are always telling their troubles are never at a loss for something to talk about.

Self-denial is about the last thing some people undertake when they start out to be religious.

No man is truly brave who hasn't the courage to do right.—Baird's Horn.

Trees as Historians.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived, but J. Knecher, of Texas, has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than 120 years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that out of the 137 years covered by the life of the trees sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seven average as to the supply of moisture, nineteen dry, eight very dry and six extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall, running back as far as 1840, were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which had affected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to moisture, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than 100 years of nature's history, a history which we might completely decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Great Salt Lake's Weight.

"During a trip through Utah a few months ago," said A. C. Lovering, of Kansas City, at the LaCrosse last night, "I witnessed a most convincing proof of the weight of salt-lake waters of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake and driving the surface into low, white-capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like flat banks of new fallen snow. If so strong a wind had passed across a lake of fresh water of equal extent it would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of its surface that navigation in small boats would have been difficult, if not highly perilous. The waves there showed a curious resistance to the wind and rose only to a slight elevation. Yet there was an immense momentum stirred up in these low, heavy, snow-capped waves. I ventured into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed three feet, and found that it was impossible to stand against them, as their short weight swept me resistlessly along. I was told that it was impossible to dive through an oncoming wave after the manner practiced by bathers on the Atlantic coast."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Remarkable Short of Glass.

There is to be seen in the National Museum at Washington a large sheet of plate glass, once a window in a light-house on Cape Cod. During a severe storm of not above fifty-eight hours' duration, this pane was so shaken as to produce in its support a groove of sand three inches deep. It is to be an image transparent and to need removal.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mount Baker Observatory, in Washington, is the highest in the world.



SHOOTING AT A WAR BALLOON.

like to be sure. There must be no chance for an accident of any sort."

From another source it is learned that the Kaiser will perhaps first try his luck as an aviator during his stay at Meidling. Last year he established an aeronautical station at that point, in which he takes intense interest.

The correspondent was permitted to take a photograph of one of the experiments, undertaken with a captive balloon. The latter was filled on the deck of one of the warships and fastened to the mast. Then it was sent 1500 feet into the air. One of the men in the basket said afterward the situation was an indubitably interesting one. They had to follow every movement of the ship, but at

forego the pleasure of seeing himself in print as the first imperial aviator of the world.

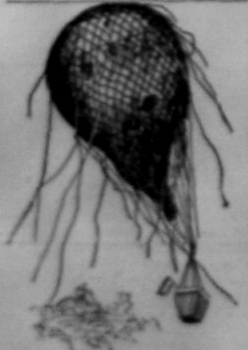
The special interest taken by the Emperor in aeronautics of late has encouraged the aeronautical section of the army to some highly interesting, and likewise highly expensive, experiments in destroying balloons. The double-column engraving printed with this article shows a battery of artillery in the act of shooting at a so-called "war balloon," supposed to be sent up by a besieged garrison. When the correspondent took the photograph the battery was experimenting on a captive balloon. Later on a "free balloon" will be substituted for that on the line.

The balloon filling was provided from steel flasks containing compressed gas, as called, the flasks being about the size of sugar loaves. They are transported on a vehicle not unlike a gun carriage. The gas turned the compressed gas into hydrogen gas is very short order, and the process seemed to be a very simple one.

As the invention of compressed gas is not the exclusive property of the German Army, its leaders must be more provident against being served by the enemy in the same manner as they intend to employ to spy out the movements and intentions of adversaries.

The aeronautical section, therefore, resorted to try their luck with gas. They let a balloon ascend 6000 feet and then fired at it with sharpshooters. The first shot went above the object, the first shot hit it.

The balloon was seen to swing violently from side side to the other.



SHOOTING AT BALLOON.

the same time seemed to float in tranquil space. They were able to have some from the ship and coast; every object beneath them was stopped in white, while above them their own

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 23, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE cry now is for the nomination of a President in 1896, "A Webster man or bust!"

THE press has settled that the Clear did from an acute misunderstanding on the part of his physicians.

No man stands higher in the hearts of the men of his party, for work nobly done in the last campaign, than David B. Hill, of New York. Nevertheless, he has lost his chance at the Presidency.

Three Barbour county boys were elected to the West Virginia Senate, at the late election. They are, Stuart F. Reed, in the Third District; U. G. Young, in the Tenth; and H. C. Lockney in the Fourth. —Democrat.

This is a stain on Barbour county.

It looks as though Attorney General Olney would resign, and it is thought that Cleveland will elevate William L. Wilson to this position in the Cabinet. Mr. Olney can make \$100,000 per year practicing privately, and the position he now holds has lost much of its charm.

SEVERAL States of the South, in the late elections, have gone Republican, and others have elected some Republican Congressmen. It looks as if after all there might be "a free ballot and a fair count," without governmental interference. It would be noble and fraternal anyhow, to let the matter have ample time for further trial. To make people trusty let them be trusted.

In reference to the arrangement of Legislative and Senatorial districts, the state law is such that nothing of the kind can be done until after the census of 1900.

There is a provision to change senatorial districts, provided there be the consent of a majority of the voters thereto.

The Legislature is clothed with full unqualified power to do whatever they please in the rearrangement of the Congressional districts.

THE manner of voting in Mississippi is so arranged that every ignorant man and every delinquent taxpayer is out of his vote. The capitation tax in that state is \$3.00. Let a negro get in a few years behind and he is in a terrible fix. When he comes to vote, he is given a sample ballot, and if he cannot read the ticket, he does not know how to vote. There is no such thing as a sample ballot. His coaches do all they can to inform him of the relative position of the ballots, but his walk of 150 feet after he passes the "dead line" is enough generally to obliterate the whole lesson given the black man.

THE first and foremost of the Republicans who stand a chance for a United States Senatorship from West Virginia, is, of course, Stephen B. Elkins, of Randolph county. But there is a cry being raised by the best class of that party against the recognition of a man who uses money to influence the vote of the free-born American citizen. The question is not, "Can a Senatorship be bought?" but can it be bought in West Virginia? If Elkins is the next Senator, the proof is conclusive that the posi-

tion can be bought. The four prominent candidates for this office are Elkins, Goff, Hutchison, and Sturgis, with odds 1000 to 1 on Elkins against the field.

TAMMANY HALL has overdone itself. Both Democrats and Republicans look on its defeat in New York city, with the greatest complacency. It was formed for selfish ends, and used every foul means to place itself in the possession of the government of New York city. That was its end, and its connection with the Democratic party was a secondary matter. Every man in it is there because he has his price, and they worked it for a business. Every means was taken to turn an "honest penny," and the amount of money actually paid in cash to its tyrannical rulers, was marvelous, and rivals the distressing stories of the tyrants of infant civilization. There is a Tammany in every great city, but none have their claws so fully grown as the "Tiger" of New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-class—

Harness and Sadlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESSES, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short-notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PUBLISHED AT

WHEELING, W. VA.

The Farmer's Friend,

A Home Companion,

The Best Story Paper.

Has already the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in the Two Virginia, Eastern Ohio, or western Pennsylvania.

The Great Twelve-Page Weekly.

Its women's and children's columns are of unusual interest.

Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by any other papers in the same territory.

Its news columns cover the world.

Bill Nye writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace F. Reid and Rudyard Kipling, Richard Malcolm Johnstone, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorne, K. B. Wilson, Rider Haggard, Olive Harper, Nym Crinkle, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magazine! And every issue an educator.

Only \$1.50 a Year! Agents wanted in every locality. Money for agents in working for it. Send for sample copies. Send six names giving the address of yourself and five neighbors who want free copies, write for agents terms. Clubs of six for Five Dollars.

Address, **THE REGISTER,** Wheeling, W. Va.

A Christmas Suggestion:

KODAKS \$6.00 to \$100.00.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK FOR THE children, or sample that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making fine-class pictures.

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THE ADVERTISERS

FOR 1895.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

Commercial Advertiser.

Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price \$5.00 per year.

Morning Advertiser.

Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year.

Sunday Advertiser.

New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2 cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 30 pages. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

As an Advertising Medium.

The ADVERTISERS have no superior.

Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions. Address THE ADVERTISERS, 39 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Public Sale of Stock.

On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Huggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Doggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old next spring.

1 New Saddle.

12,000 shingles.

Terms of sale.—Purchaser to give bond, with approved payable Octo ber 1, 1900.

Respectfully,

S. P. MOORE, FROST W. VA.

Wheeler, Auctioneer.

WANTED: AT ONCE.

A First Class Miller.

To take charge of a good burr mill; married or single; house furnished; must come well recommended. Apply to J. F. MARLINTON, W. VA. G. H. McLAUGHLIN.

THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a trial.

10 LEIGH TOPS ONLY \$5.00.

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

ROOFING

Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

red and black for metallic roofing. Crescote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

low. Circulars and quotations by addressing.

WM. A. LIST & CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

Notices.

On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to me are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfully,

Green Bank, W. Va., JACOB BOGAR

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

KESAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed to be workmanlike, fit and lasting.

Residing nearly alone, give me a call.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KOTTELOR,
CONWAY, ARK.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

II. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have been using our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED TRIMMERS AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Castoria Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

—A safe and reliable substitute for opium—

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In Poor Health

mean, so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak, and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't sleep, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—if you'll state your case, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutions. On receipt of two stamps we will send you of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Vases and books.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the Peabody Insurance Co., WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March, 1892

Bank Capital \$100,000.00

N. C. McNEIL, MARLINTON W. VA.

L. C. BARTLETT, PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING, FRESKO WORK, SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

127 Satisfaction guaranteed.

—A safe and reliable substitute for opium—

—A safe and reliable substitute for opium—

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1892, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Book No. 25, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 3rd day of April, 1895, commencing at 1 p. m., at the front door of the court house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edgway District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Baxter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and John McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1887, said deed or patent numbered 18021.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of year pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day --- 1.00

per meal --- 25

lodging --- 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

EVERY PERSON

Looks to his own interest, and how to make hard times easy. The way to do this is to go in

A. D. BARLOW'S

Wholesale and Retail Store at

BEVERLY, W. VA.

where he is selling flour at cost and carriage. Note the following prices:

XX Superfine --- 65

XX Superfine (good family) 1.00

Old Dominion Extra 1.25

Old Dominion Best 1.50

Old Dominion (patent) 1.50

While getting your flour you can get feed, salt, hardware, and farming implements of all kinds at correspondingly low prices.

HOME NEWS

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. for fresh candy.

—Mr. Charles Yeager exhibited a radish which was 74 inches in circumference.

—There was a deep snow on Cheat last week, which might have caused a tide but did not.

—A deer was killed on Stoney Creek last week.

—Miss M. Alice McLaughlin has a fine school near her home at Dunmore.

—J. D. Pullin & Co. will have a nice line of Christmas goods soon.

—Mr. P. Golden, a Marlinton merchant, and Miss Minnie Miller, of Baltimore, were married in that city last Sunday.

—For first-class Roller Flour go to the Marlinton Grocery House, J. D. Pullin & Co. proprietors.

—Mrs. Atherton, formerly of Dunmore, is lying at the point of death with no hopes for her recovery at her present home in Pennsylvania.

—Rev. C. M. Fultz, pastor of M. E. church, Frost Circuit, and Miss Minnie Devier, youngest daughter of the late Francis Devier, Esq., were married Wednesday, November 21st, at the bride's residence.

—At a recent meeting of the football club of Marlinton, Mr. Andrew Price, of this paper, was re-elected Captain, and Jim Smith the "Infant Phenomenon," Treasurer.

—John Sutton, of Green Bank, had a sale of his household and kitchen furniture, and farm stock, last Tuesday. He expects to go to Richmond to live.

—Robert McLaughlin and John Gafford are preparing a sawmill set to saw by C. T. Moore's white pine timbe, on Brown's Creek, J. St. Andrew, of Rockingham county, Virginia, will do the sawing.

—Capt Smith took a hunt on William's River the other day. He returned loaded down with a wild turkey and a lot of pheasants, all of which bore unmistakable evidence of having come to their death, by being shot with a gun.

—Elias Sharp, of Dilley's Mill, found a lot of wild turkey's eggs in the mountains last season, and hatched them out under a domestic turkey. The experiment was a perfect success, and a fine brood of wild turkeys is the result. Naturalists claim that a wild turkey's nest is rarely discovered.

—Attention is called to the professional card of Mr. Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., who has located at this place to pursue the practice of law. Mr. Scott is a popular young gentleman, heartily welcome him to our town and wish him all the success he so greatly deserves. He is considered a very acceptable addition to the local bar.

—Last week a deer was run in by dogs and bayed in front of Mr. Geo. C. Moore's door, near West Union. No one was at home except Mrs. Moore, and she did not know how to use a gun. The deer fought the dogs off and went and lay down in the water of the creek near by. Mrs. Moore took the gun, went to the creek, and watched the deer an hour or so until her son Henry came home, when he shot the deer.

—A good many will remember the desperate fight in Webster county, between the deputy-sheriffs of Wise county, Virginia, and the Flemming brothers, in which one of the officers was killed. Henon Flemming, who was almost shot to pieces, recovered, and stood his trial at Addison, last week. He was acquitted of the charge of murder, and was immediately sent on to Virginia to answer a like charge. He has had a deal of excitement since his first assay in May of 1902.

—At a recent revival meeting at Clifton Forge, Va., conducted by Rev. L. B. Harwood, of the M. E. Church, South, Judge C. Forest Moore announced that he would soon resign his judgeship and return to the ministry. Rev. V. W. Wheeler, who had withdrawn from the conference and Church, has reunited with the church. At this meeting there were ninety conversions. Rev. W. G. Hammond left for Clifton Forge yesterday to become Judge Moore's—Greenbrier Independent.

—A maiden from the city tripped lightly under the trees, and snuffed the pungent odor that floated on the breeze: "Oh, tell me, ancient farmer, with arms so brown and bare, what is that wondrous flower that scents the morning air?"—Loud laughed the ancient farmer till tears rolled down his cheeks: "Why bless you that's spolecat, and I've smelt him for a week?"—Ex.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of J. A. Sharp & company, who has recently opened up the finest line of saddlery and harness goods ever brought into the county. The firm is very reliable and the customers can feel confident that they will get the worth of their money. Attached to the business is the undertaking department which is probably the best in its line in the county. The firm is a great addition to the town and will be a universal convenience.

—Mr. Isaac Currence, of Dunmore, had the misfortune to burn up a haystack, the other day on his place. The hay belonged to Mr. William Carpenter, and Mr. Currence was in the meadow burning brush. The fire began to spread in the sage grass, and he trapped the fire until his feet were blistered. The loss of a haystack is a serious matter this time of year.

—Two more Confederate names have been sent in by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. They are John Noel, Esq., and John McCutcheon, both of Dunmore.

—Quarterly meeting at Mt. Taber Dec. 8 & 9 by Rev. R. R. Little.

—For Sugar, Coffee, Kerosine oil, Canned Goods, etc., etc., go to the Marlinton Grocery House.

—For Groceries of all kinds call at the Marlinton Grocery House

Personal.

Judge Guthrie is holding court for Judge Campbell, this week, in Lewisburg. It is believed that the matter of the boundaries of Greenbrier, Monroe, and Summers counties will be heard by the visiting Judge during his stay in Greenbrier.

Parties now in Charleston have the opportunity of seeing a spoon from Syria three thousand years old, a copy of Esther in the original Hebrew and a Babylonian cylinder. The Gazette says that these with many eastern embroideries and curios from Russia, make an interesting exhibit. Judge O. S. Long loaned these interesting articles in the Art Exhibit.

Judge Jackson, now holding Federal Court in Charleston, is down on spite work. A few days since a defendant was acquitted on the ground the prosecuting witness had given false evidence. The Judge reproved the witness and sent him to jail for ten days.

Miss Emma Warwick spent several days at Marlinton and at her old home near Edray. She came to meet her brother, J. C. Warwick, Esq., of Hinton.

Professor John White is teaching the Laurel Run school. He ranks among the best of our teachers, and has charge of the frontier school in west Pocahontas.

Mrs. Rebecca Duffield.

This aged and well known lady died on Friday night, November 16, 1894, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nannie Ratliff, near Edray, more than 80 years of age. She was the widow of John R. Duffield, remembered as one of our most worthy and useful citizens in former days.

For more than sixty years she has been a professing Christian in the pale of the M. E. church, fervent and demonstrative to a remarkable degree. Her sufferings for several years have been intense from cancer and nervous prostration. Her sons, Newton and Wesley, are among her surviving children, near Edray.

A few weeks since, she united with the writer in a prayer and praise service, when she gave expression to her emotions in words of holy rapture. Her last moments were peaceful as a weary one falling asleep.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

A Pleasant Home Wedding.

Another social event in upper Pocahontas. The marriage of Miss Lela Hevener, daughter of Uriah Hevener, Esq., to Mr. Adam Post, of Buckhannon, W. Va. The guests from Buckhannon, arrived Tuesday evening, and were received, with others, at Mr. Hevener's on Wednesday evening for supper.

After an evening of hearty pleasure, the young men were entertained for the night by Mr. Sam Hannah and his estimable wife. All were somewhat dubious of the weather, but Thursday was a perfect day, for the season, and a good humored company gathered early that morning at Mr. Hevener's. Promptly at nine o'clock they presented themselves and were made one by Rev. E. F. Alexander.

Accompanying the bride and groom were the following couples. Pocahontas furnishing three fair daughters, and Upshur and Harrison counties the gentlemen:

Mr. Isaac Maxwell, the nephew of the groom, and Miss Mattie Hevener; Mr. Wm. Jackson and Miss Ella Pritchard; Mr. John Pritchard and Miss Flora Mooman.

After many congratulations, and some of them not without tears, the party sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, some of the choicest parts of which were prepared by the bride's own hands.

Many nice presents were sent in by the friends of both, and when the packing was done and farewells said, the returning party left for Beverly. Mrs. Ira Post and Mr. Lee Maxwell, with the above named groomsmen completing it. Thence the bride and groom were to leave on Friday morning for Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Our best wishes go with them to their future home in Buckhannon. The bride will be much missed in home and community here.

It was a very pleasant affair, and some more "northwesters" have learned the way to Pocahontas, and may come again, and not to buy cattle, either.

For the costumes, we refer you to the ladies, not being an authority on such subjects.

The Pride of the County.

A ramble about the Court-House square prevents much that is interesting and amply repays for the time it requires.

The jail is now ready for the footing of slate, the material is on the ground, and shims to be of an excellent quality, and nice enough for the use of school boys.

The Court-House is about ready for the sheeting and when this is put on, then the slate contractors is expected to do the rest.

The wheelbarrow is a marked on the old historical hod of the climbing Irishman, we read about, when handled by a stalwart Pocahontas youth. The brick and mortar are carried in wheelbarrows to the elevator, which is operated on a plan similar to the hay-fork by horse power. The loaded barrow is wheeled upon the empty platform on the lower floor, a signal is given, and up it goes then an empty platform and barrow come down, and thus alternate loads of brick and mortar spring up lightly to the higher floors.

Messrs. Jacobs, Armstrong, and King, the mangers, move about quietly and pleasantly ready to lend a helping hand where needed. The scraping of the trowel and the click of the stone-cutter are about the loudest sounds heard.

Dennis McNeil attends the elevator, and conscientiously occupies his post and sees everything going on, and whoever seeks particulars will find them in his head, in proper and truthful shape.

The tower will rise to the commanding height of one hundred feet. From the upper windows there will be a cyclomatic view of rare and varied beauty opened up, blended, too, with historical associations of peculiar interest. It is believed that when the Soldiers Association gets fairly to work the remains of the gallant dead yet unmailed for will be gathered up and placed here, and an obelisk, with the name of every Pocahontas soldier, so far as can be recalled, engraved thereon, be placed somewhere in the grounds.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER.

MARLINTON.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

The New Survey.

Mr. B. M. Yeager returned last week from surveying on Cheat Mountain, where he accompanied the engineering corps of the West Virginia Central Railway Company. Hon. W. G. Davis, president of the road, is seeking an extension south from Elkins, and has his eye on the White Sulphur as a probable junction with the C. & O. R. R. The surveyed route follows Craven Run for four miles from Elkins, and then on Shaffer's Fork to Cheat Bridge, and bends and crosses on to the Greenbrier River, at the "Hamilton Place." The surveyors, however, discovered that they could cross at a low place near the point that they would otherwise strike the Greenbrier, saving about eight miles. There is a great good chance of Pocahontas getting this road.

It is not known what course the road will take through Pocahontas, but there is little doubt but what the Pocahontas Development Company will have sufficient "pull" to bring it by Marlinton.

The Greenbrier River is a stream along the banks of which the building of a railroad would be comparatively easy, and a road following the river would tap alike the natural resources on either side of the river.

Church Notes.

Fourth round of quarterly meetings, for Lewisburg District, M. E. Church, South.

Green Bank,	Dec.	8, 9,
Huntersville,	"	15, 16,
Levelton,	"	22, 23,
Blue Sulphur,	"	29, 30,
Frankford,	Jan.	5, 6,
Gillets,	"	12, 13,
Hot Springs,	"	19, 20,
Millboro,	"	19, 20,

W. G. HAMMOND, P. E.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville next Sunday (November 25th.) Preparatory services Friday and Saturday nights before.

Union services will be held in the Marlinton church Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, at 11 o'clock.

Kellison Again.

The Federal court has sent for and taken Andrew Kellison, on the charge of breaking into the post-office at Buckeye. It is charged that four dollars in stamps were stolen along with the goods from Overholt's store. The deputy-marshals came on Monday with a warrant for him, and the State officials allowed him to be taken, on the condition that when they had done their worst with him, that he be sent back to answer an indictment for felony. He is the bright young man who escaped from the jail on November 8th, and remained one week within five miles of the jail, when he was re-captured.

A Card.

To the citizens of Pocahontas county:

Having located at Marlinton for the practice of law, I solicit the patronage of my friends in this and adjoining counties, and promise to give all business placed in my hands prompt and careful attention.

Respectfully,
SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

Green Bank.

Cold and getting colder. Bolt Gun lost a good horse last week by getting to a sack of corn and eating a gorge.

House burned on Back Alleghany the property of Thomas Moore, while the family were gone, with all the contents no insurance.

Mr. Jacob Boner, merchant at this place sold out his stock and left for Baltimore last week, he will return some time in the near future to close up.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodell who had an eye taken out some time ago by Dr. Little, is almost recovered, and suffers but little.

Mr. Oscar Orndorff, while driving a cow, last Thursday, was thrown from his horse, and was found unconscious. Dr. Little gave medical attention, and he is doing well.

Des. Mooman and Austin were summoned to Mr. Zack Cassell's last Sunday to remove a splinter from the eye of one of Mr. Cassell's children.

Mr. J. C. Crawley and family have moved to Cheat Bridge.
OLD HICKORY.

The Marlinton Debating Society.

The weekly meetings of the society are well attended. Last Friday night was a sample meeting. Mr. B. A. Yeager took the chair and his old services in the Legislature fit him for this position. The subject for discussion was as to the relation credits due to Washington and Columbus for the prominent part they each played in the history of America. Mr. E. H. Smith opened up to give Washington his due, and to do up Columbus. Mr. Geo. H. McLaughlin follows with one of his characteristic speeches, and in a most convincing manner showed that Columbus was first and should be first. Mr. Andrew Price spread himself in a speech, working for Washington. Mr. Uriah Bird least his aid to Columbus, and the debate was closed by speeches from Mr. H. A. Walton and Mr. Paris Yeager. The vote of the house indicated Columbus. In general debate Mr. J. B. G. Wilson made an impressive talk, rather siding with Columbus. The society is proving a great eloquence bender. It is to be a great institution this winter, and promises a little harmless excitement for one of the seven long winter nights that compose a week in winter.

Romantic Marriage.

About three weeks ago, Mr. Jim McClure of Stoney Creek, and his daughter, Miss Nannie, took a trip to Indiana to visit Mr. Jake McClure, who lives at Brimfield, Indiana. Quite a lot of Pocahontas people have about that town, among whom are Mr. Jacob McLaughlin and family. A member of Mr. McLaughlin's household is Mr. Albert Linsey, a very industrious young man, who went from Elk, with his friends, some years ago. Mr. Linsey met Miss Nannie there, wooed and won her, and were quietly married. The bride returned home with her father to gather up her belongings and will return shortly to make her future home in the west.

Stoney Creek News.

Messrs Smith, Gay, and Curry have just returned from a week's hunt in Black and Spruce mountains; they had luck enough to kill a turkey and raccoon. They saw three deer, one of which they shot at, and the hair it left behind it showed that the bullet cut close to it. They also saw the tracks of seven different bears.

Mr. Ben Doyle and wife are very low with diphtheria at this writing, also, Mrs. Lovie Miller is suffering with the same disease.

Mr. Harry Moore killed a fine deer (a four spiked buck) the 22nd. He says the hams weighed forty-one pounds. Also, Mr. Calvin Gay killed a fine deer on Red Lick mountain a few days ago.

Mr. W. A. Shearer, of Marlinton, is moving back, this week, to his old home on the mountain.

The election of 1894 is over; and the result causes the old Democracy to groan and exclaim "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my Predecessor, he would not in my age left me naked to my enemies."

The Bride and Groom was greeted by a noisy serenade by the neighborhood boys last week, on their return from having the nuptial knot tied.

Nov. 20, 1894. W. V. A. ROVER.

Elkwater.

Fever is still prevalent in this vicinity, there are about twenty cases, and several are in a critical condition. Dr. Snyder is the attending physician.

Prof. Lee Mace and Miss Flora Mace who have been visiting in this vicinity, have returned to their home in Webster county.

Mrs. Birdie Fretwell, from Conley Run, has been rusticiating in our town.

Floyd Stainaker after a short visit at Marlinton, has returned again to his school.

Winter is here after the old fashion. A light snow is on the ground again, a good time for hunting.

Prof. Lee and Frank Pingley are the boss hunters of the day, they have killed twenty skunks, and eleven opossums in one day.

Died of fever Mr. Norval Russell he was believed by all that knew him and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his untimely demise the interment took place at the Brick Cemetery. A large crowd attended the burying.

Forever my wife and children all from just a fever. Chas. Cook died. Many not for me is in vain. To call me to your great again.
"OBERLY."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 19.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, J. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cr. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Ce. Ct., C. E. Beard.
Geo. M. Koe.
Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter.
Geo. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk, Geo. P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas. Cook, Elkhart—W. H. Grose, Haverhill—Jas. E. Taylor, Danmore—O. R. Carry, Academy—Thos. Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 2nd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Haverhill, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Macclinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE.

Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. O. J. CAMPBELL.

DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least twice a year. The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.

has located at
FREDST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER.

General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. Bids taken in the Auction. Correspondence solicited. References furnished. Families—Danmore, W. Va., or Alexandria, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY.

Architect and Superintendent,
Alex. St. Bailey Street,
Washington, W. Va.

ONE of the most learned and devout men who spent their lives in China, was the late Dr. Nevins. One of the surprises that astonished him in his intercourse with the Chinese people were the clearly evident signs of demoniac possession, so frequently referred to in the history of Christ. Marked symptoms of such possession being very uncommon in christian and moslem society so that there has been a tendency to explain the matter away as a species of insanity or nervous derangement. It seems, however, that it is different in a pagan land like China. Dr. Nevins was much impressed by the evidence of demoniac possession in China, where, of all places, he least expected to find such cases, and had looked for nothing of the sort. Upon inquiring of other experienced missionaries, he found that his Chinese observations were by no means singular. The demons of this "possession" are not beings of pure wickedness, but it may be the spirits of the dead in whom baser impulses still rule, and who seek to relieve these passions by a sort of vampirish incarnation in living men. Something like this appears in the prayer of the Gadarene demons, not to be driven away into the outer abyss, but to be allowed to find a home in the swine, if not in human beings. A conspicuous mark of evil possession is its solitary, anti-social tendency. As with the Gadarene demoniac, so in later times the "possession" carries people away from their homes to dwell in the wilds of solitude. Hence the "wild men of the woods" who have broken away from human homes and seek the bestial level in their habits of life. While the influence of the Holy Spirit brings persons into closer fellowship and fastens every tie of human relationship more firmly, "possession by demons" rends all ties and carries the "possessed" off into isolation and consequent degradation. This gives point to the petition "Deliver us from evil."

ONE of the sacred writers with an eye for the beautiful, referred to the spacious firmament on high as the ornamental work of the Deity, and the spangled heavens told of their great originator in voiceless words. "The sun comes forth as a bridegroom and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." Underneath all this beauty, the modern eye discloses three notions. The axial rotation, that takes up twenty-three and a third of our days. The earth rotates twenty-three times while the sun rotates once. Then there is a motion around the center of gravity of the whole solar system. The sun being heavier than the combined weight of all the other bodies of the system taken together, this motion can only be ascertained by the use of very delicate instruments. The third is a progressive motion through space, towards the constellation of Hercules. In estimating the rate of speed, it is believed by some investigators that the sun covers one hundred and fifty million miles in a year. Others think it may be seventy-five million miles. Such a rate of speed is marvellous, and we cannot comprehend it, and so we simply wonder and adore.

THERE is something about the Indian Summer that enchants poetic minds. The rustle of falling leaves, the azure hue, intensified that distance lends, and subdued sighing in the leafless tops of the trees, impress sensitive souls of finer mould.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazaar of November 10th furnishes one of the most dainty treats of the season on Indian Summer. Every line is richly suggestive of something beautiful beyond any other words than those used.

"A flicker of flame in the hollow, Gold threaded and amber the air, Loose leaflets and others to follow, Till oak bough and maple are bare, Sweet, sweet the last light of the Summer, When gathered and bound are the sheaves, And a loan empty nest, that was blithe with the best, Clings close to the wind shaken leaves."

To the Indian in other days who roamed these hills and vales of West Virginia, this season was suggestive of surprises, burning homes, and scalps dangling to his belt. The modern hunter thinks of guns, dogs, and dying deer. What a theme for study.

SARGE PLUNKETT has a friend, Brown, who was much depressed by the way matters in politics threatened to turn out. In the meantime he attended a series of meetings and his despondency cleared away. He was so much pleased with the preaching that he wrote these lines by way of compliment to his pastor.

"He soars, whatever be his theme, Too high, too good to ever sordid, He'd rather grin a bright sunbeam And light a darkened soul."

"His words as soft as gentle dew Fall on the erring heart, To make the sinner feel anew And of the world a part."

"Soft but earnest as a friend, He makes one feel so well, That sinners hope they may amend And save themselves from hell."

"How better is it thus to treat The poor, degraded man— Abusing sinners may defeat A lowly christian plan."

The Japanese Letter.

(Special Correspondence.)

Seoul, Korea, November 12th 1894.

In my last letter I left our regiment in camp here, ready to make a raid on the mountain fastnesses where the outlaws were hiding. On the night of our arrival, a peddler came into camp and went about trying to sell tobacco and pipes. He was at length admitted to the tent occupied by the commanding officer of the regiment, and in a confidential tone, as though he was raising his voice, he began telling the Colonel where he could find the hideout band of Tongkaks who had murdered the Vice President, Mr. Kimpski. The directions were given how to reach the spot, and I remember that he said that they should be surprised and attacked about ten in the morning, as they were sure to be asleep at that time of day. They numbered about thirty.

My company was sent, as it had come from a neighboring part of Japan, and the rest of the company were composed of men from the lower countries. I understand Japanese a little, and found out that my little big-headed comrades were granting a good deal about my being alone. "Too tall," they said, "make too much noise, get them all killed and cut up," and many other complimentary remarks were made, accompanied by a great deal of guttural, probably I learned to understand and him to explain to the men sent. I was

used to the woods and thought I could creep along with the best of them.

We left the road at the place we had been directed, as the nest of Chinamen commanded a long view of the greater part of it, and ascended a long, rough mountain side, covered with pine.

We were to have eight or nine miles of a tramp through the woods in a certain direction that would bring us to the side of a ridge, facing north. We were to know this ridge solely through a native guide whom we thought could be trusted. We were then to go directly over this ridge and attack the villains, who were camped on the other side.

About two hours of this walking, we began to descend on the top of the mountain, and as we came to a certain low place, the guide diverged to the south side. A tall Japanese, who occupied the position similar to a sergeant's, gave a slight nod, and the guide was caught and bound. The directions given us had been so explicit, that when the guide made the wrong turn through treachery, which would have landed us under the cliff on top of which the Tongkaks had their retreat, it was detected, and his life was spared until a little further investigation proved his treachery. As afterwards seen, had we taken to the south side of the ridge, my career as a soldier of Japan would have had an untimely ending.

Leaving the traitor tied to a tree, gauged, and guarded by a couple of soldiers, we turned to the north, and coming to a certain hollow, the squad turned to the left abruptly, ascended to the top, crossed over, and descended to the first bunch. We were to go along in the direction we had been traveling until we found a certain twig broken on the upper side of the trail. All knew this but myself, and all were looking for this sign, except myself. I was looking down the mountain side, knowing our game lay that way.

We were about fifty strong, but those Japanese soldiers made no noise. No file of Indians ever made such a quiet advance. After we had pursued this course for about half a mile, I, who was about the last man of the column, saw the ugliest mortal ever made lying asleep, evidently on picket duty, below our path, not ten yards from our line. The heathen must have been drunk, and be looked to me to be dead and bloated, only I could hear his heavy breathing. His gun was lying on him, and his greasy blouse was shining in the sun that came through the leaves of the forest. I never opened my lips until we were some quarter of a mile past him, and then and there I told Sucho. He said that they had missed their sign, and that we had passed within fifty yards of the den, and that this sleeping sentinel would be directly on top of a cliff at the bottom of which lay the retreat of the outlaws.

Every soldier got ready for a hot time, and the march was formed again to return. I could see that I had raised immensely in the regard of the rest of the company. The big Sergeant was leading with his knife in his hand, the rest with their muskets lying in the hollow of their left arms. In a few minutes the sleeping Chinaman was reached, and the Sergeant with one hand, cut his way clean off, with one blow with his knife, more neatly than I could have decapitated a turkey.

But the very splendour of the job was about over our heads, for the hideout band, started to roll tail end over head over the brow of the cliff, and falling among the steep outcrops below, awakened them from their sleep.

Without any word of command, as soon as we saw that they were alarmed, we rushed in the brush and set of our guns at the rapidly retreating band that seemed to have been sleeping in one vast pile below

where we stood. There was no way out below save by one way between two large boulders. A rush was made for this, but my repeating rifle was leveled on it, and when it had lain four or five out, the dozen uninjured desperadoes desisted from trying to escape that way and crawled close to the cliff, where we could not reach them with our fire.

Had it not been for the fact that I had a repeating rifle, all would have escaped, except such as were shot down by our first wild fire. I could sell that rifle now for two hundred dollars.

The next ten minutes were spent by our soldiers in killing the wounded. One man, desperately shot in the small of his back, had dragged himself to the brow of the cliff below the den, and hurled himself over, to fall one hundred feet below, with a sickening thud, at the very place where we would have been shot to pieces had we followed our guide.

All day we watched the brow above where the Chinamen were crouching. Several times they called on us to surrender. We made no noise, and there was nothing to tell them that we had not gone. About 2 o'clock the soldiers wanted to eat something. Before doing this, the headless body of the sentinel was thrown over the cliff, and then the curse of the order rose involuntarily; interpreted it is "We will raise blue ruin and bloody murder with you."

It looked very much as though we would be at the raising. But a serious time was coming. If we waited until night, the gang would escape and we would be killed before we could get out of the mountain. So about three o'clock a council of war was held, and it was decided that our only safety was in obliterating the camp.

We had to change the camp. My rifle secured me the place to remain and cover the exit, mentioned before. Twenty-five volunteers stepped out, and were lowered to a point on the ledge below, where the Chinese could not see them, without exposing themselves to the fire from us above.

They charged presently and engaged the Chinese in a hand to hand conflict after the first firing. Two to one, the fighting men sloped. But some of our men were badly cut up. One was dead; a very fine looking young Japanese. Early in the second scrimmage I saw a devil looking Chinaman run out, get behind a rock before I could scotch him. He had a gun in a barrel big enough to run a cannon down it. He raised his rifle and took deliberate aim. Sucho, who was standing off trying to watch the fight, but here he could fire I had dropped him.

We got back to camp about dark, with all treacherous guide in close custody.

There is nothing of value in the camp and we left everything, and to be buried by their own men, who would come in presently and find them.

Next week there may be something else to write, but this letter is long enough. J. T.

Preservation of Railroad Ties.

An experiment on the Atchafalaya, Topoka and Santa Fe Railroad, dating back to 1881, which shows that 40 per cent of fifty Colorado pine ties were put in the track after 11 1/2 years exposure, indicates that the average life of ties treated by the sine tannin process will not be less than 12 years.

Unprepared oak ties cost about 33 cents each, and some 25 cents more for hauling, distributing and laying, making a total of 78 cents each. Hence, as they last 8 years, their average annual cost is 9 3/4 cents. The barneettized ties are said to cost 72 cents each under the like conditions, and, as they last 12 years, the average annual charge is 6 cents, thus indicating an economy of 3 3/4 cents per year per tie, or, when 2,500 are laid per mile of 800 per year per mile of track. —Scientific American.

